

July 14 to 30

Passage from Boston to Saint John's

Safety Check

Lean into boat.

Use handrails.

Do not use lifelines.

Look for the weather.

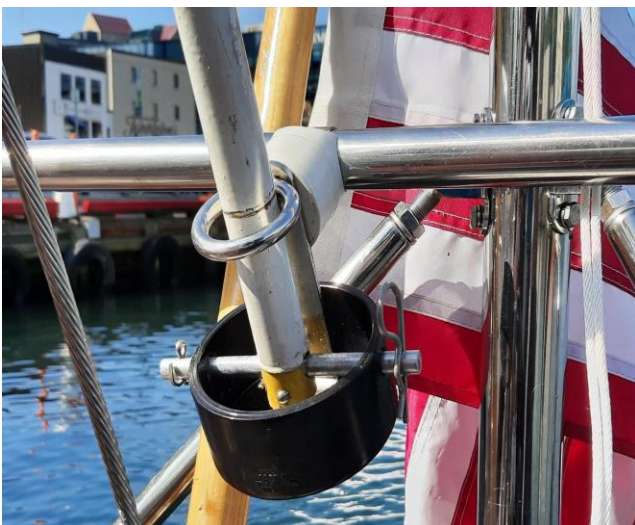
No cell phone use except ship's business while on watch

Never go out of the cockpit unless someone else is watching.

Try to do something for Clio every day.

Try to not look at instruments.

Try to spend your watch looking & listening for problems & improvements without instruments.



Friday, July 28

Took on 22.7 gallons

Fixed pedestal grab bar with hose clamp

Rove new Yankee sheets.

Mounted overboard pole.

Fixed main sheet to carr cotter pin

Much shopping for little but important items like; sleep mask, shaving mirror, razor blades, combs.

David, our neighbor, helped, brought his power supply and equalized starter battery, charged Chuck's lithium battery and will equalized ship's batteries.

David also gave us the password for the mega sailboat we both are tied to.

David is cooking dinner tonight of cod and moose.

Willard is providing salad.

Tom got a chauffer's hat.



Thursday, July 27

Jim Winters took us around to get stuff. Went to three bars.

Met Jim in 2012 waiting for Fiona. Jim, journalist, expert in seal fisheries and all-round excellent gentleman, loves to greet sailors. His generosity was deeply moving and significant. An excellent sailor at 83. Many stories of voyages were told.



Wednesday, July 26

On watch 4 to 8

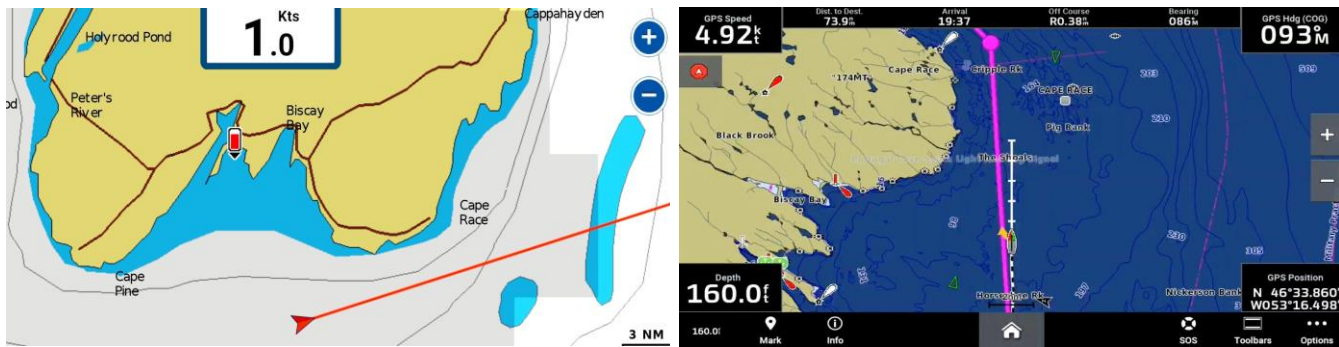
Rounding Cape Race, Newfoundland.

Made St. John's. Willard spent 1-½ hrs. on his phone to check us in.

Crew more confident. Chuck a good spokesperson.

Building a ship is a poor substitute for sailing.

Having novel thoughts that stretch to the limit how they relate to the conversation should be wrestled to the ground and explained. Could be the beginning of a great thought!



Tuesday, July 25

Excellent sunset dinner of pasta and anchovies with sun! Beer, JD and port with chocolate and peanuts.

4 hours learning the spinnaker. Hoisted 5 times, still not deploying. Will stretch out on land. Replaced wire and snap shackle at tack.

Lowered whisker pole to foredeck still attached to bale.

Transferred 5 gals.

Cleaned. Using teak oil to bring out the wood.

Cabin 70° with engine running.

On watch 8 to noon

Shut up electronics cabinet. AIS working.

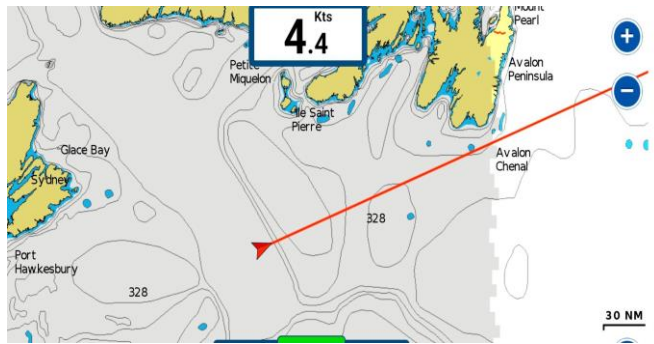
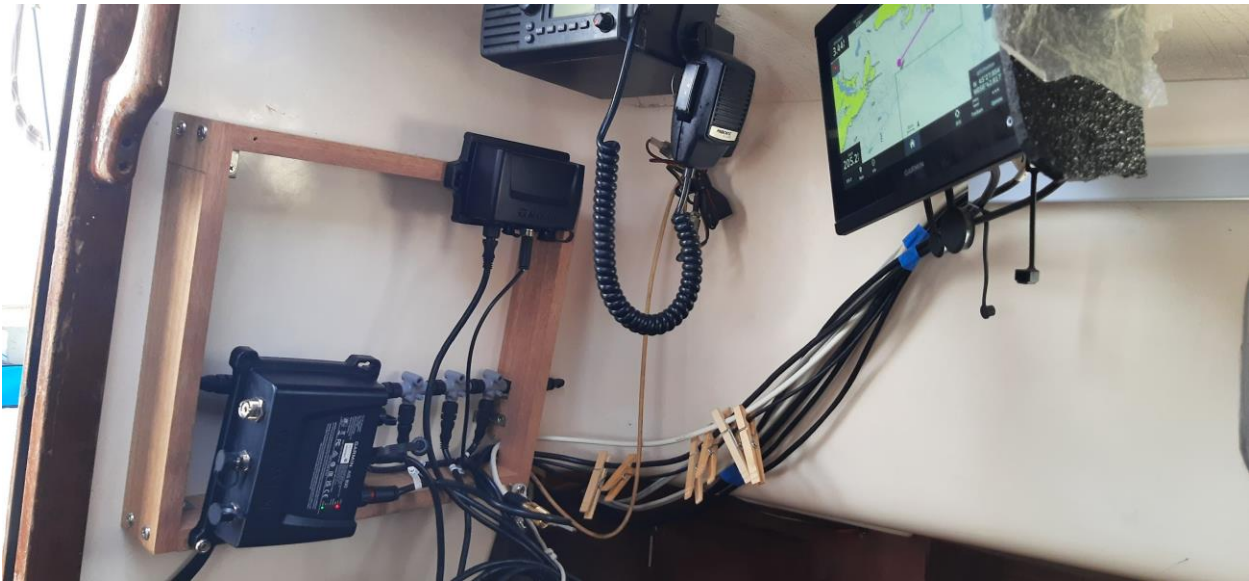
Everything damp, even bagged the Comet.

264° wind, COG 081°

May fly port spinnaker when all crew is up.

1/3 fuel gone after 18hrs. at 1,800rpms. 4kts. Gauge worked, then didn't.





Monday, July 24

Motoring while waiting for a fair wind.

2000 to Midnight watch

Dinner floating on a foggy sea at dusk.

Dried out mattress and bedding in the sun.

Learning the offshore battery protocol vs. dockside. Turn battery switch to All. Restarted the engine and all is well. Charging all batteries while engine is running and ship's batteries when off with solar panel.

2:30 Started engine, motoring to St. John's.

Noon to 4 watch

Set starboard preventer, not good enough.

AIS went out. Figure the masthead connection not watertight. Will dry and seal in rubber.

Tried to hook up old antenna to AIS, no help.

Rigged drip trap over bunk. Still drying bunk on deck when sunny.

Midnight to 4 watch

A squall came. Shortened sail. Going through big shipping lane: Laurentine Channel.

Decided in the future to shorten the staysail and main when rain starts to one third.

Showing how to easily shorten and let out sail using the least pressure on lines.

The overboard pole came loose. Stowing on port scupper till rigged properly.



Sunday, July 23

Pastoral mindless sailor gazing at the sea. Not a thought in his head except her, the ship.

Put fans away.

Tightened chain plate nuts

Rigged drip cloth for Captain's bunk.

Filled stove.

Added plastic to bag under dinghy.

Cleaned overhead of mildew with 409.

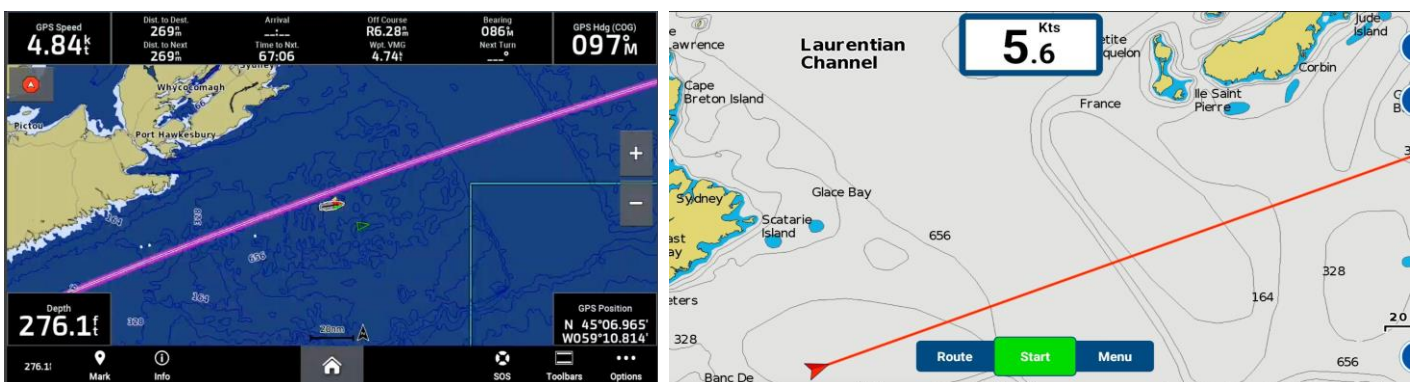
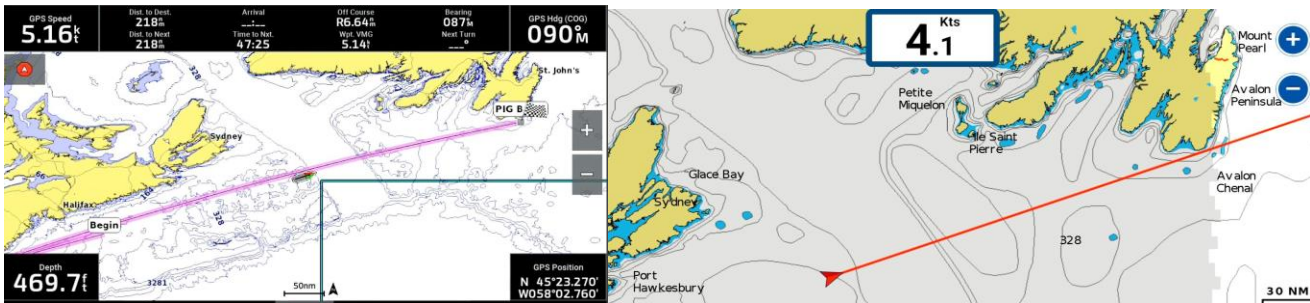
Sprayed Will's hat for mildew with 409

0600 180° Winds 19kts, Speed 4.5kts to 087° V12.3 with everything off 70% Engine battery V12.6 100%

0500 170° Winds 24kts, Speed 4.5kts to 086° V12.2 with everything off 60%

On watch 4 to 8. Port tacking 70° 2/3's staysail and main.

Bunk wet. Starboard staysail traveler Iraking. Rigging tarp over bunk today.



Saturday, July 22

90nm made good.

All day 63° port tack Yankee, staysail out as far as possible with 4/5's main. Rough. Each sail slightly luffing. Drifting left of rhum line.

Pushed clock ahead an hour.

Listened to news from Halifax using VHF radio.

Beating, very rough though seas could be much higher.

2000 engine battery 12.6 100%

Cooked dinner with stuff going bad.

Switched shunt to engine battery. 12.4 after charging for 1/2hr at 1500 in gear.

Rigged holder for head vent tube and door holder.

Stitched back straps of wet gear. Being sober really helps focus on frustrating things. Had to try it on four times to finally get it right. Bought in St. John's, \$100 wet gear for visitors to oil rigs.

8 to noon watch

Ran engine 15 minutes.

Organized lines to rove outhaul.

SD card for phone died. All-important images already in blog.

Flash drive on phone stopped working.

2300 V12.2 running lights on, V12.3 with them off. Left on while fishing vessel passed 1.5nm away.

2200 148° Winds 14kts, Speed 3kts to 072° V12.3 with everything off 70%

On watch 2000 to midnight

Bouncy sea, shortened sail to 3kts.

Made dinner.

Install head paper holder.

Got out new line to measure length 48'

Made 95nm yesterday.

1500 159° Winds 14kts, Speed 6kts to 065°

Noon to 4 or rather 2 to 4, time change

Released Yankee from whisker.

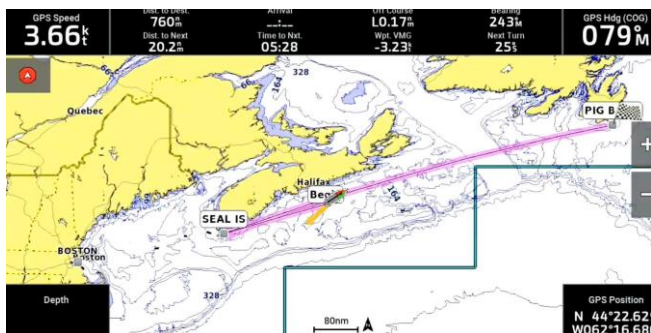
Close hauled with Yankee, staysail and main.

Trying to figure new roving for outhaul and Yankee sheet with rope bought at discount in Maine.

Midnight 290° Winds 4kts, Speed 2kts to 074° V12.2 60% with chart plotter, GND & running lights on

Midnight to 4 watch

Starry, phosphorescent sea.





Friday, July 21

95nm made good

0300 230° Winds 8kts, Speed 3.5kts to 065° V12.3 with everything off 70%

0200 210° Winds 8kts, Speed 3.5kts to 055° V12.3 with everything off 70%

0100 237° Winds 7kts, Speed 3.5kts to 064°



Thursday, July 20

Rigged preventer. Started with main on starboard and Yankee on port with whisker pole but proved to light of winds to keep the Yankee full. Sailed with main only Starboard reach, pulling sail off ratboards restricting amount of boom out.

Noon Rigged whisker pole reaching with Yankee on port tack

0900 270° Winds 7kts, Speed 3.5kts to 126°

0830 290° Winds 4kts, Speed 2kts to 174°

0730 290° Winds 7kts, Spd 2.74kts to 147°

0700 290° Winds 6kts, Spd 2kts to 174°

0400 V12.3

Replaced cour in head

Ran engine 15 minutes at 1500 on battery 1, ran frig

Cleaned frig

0630 Winds 5kts, shorten sail and tighten to stop flapping. COG 1kt.

Wednesday, July 19

2000 V12.4 running chart plotter

Secured internal wires inside the mast in the cabin by drilling a hole just below the overhead, dropping a mouse down, securing it to a stainless ring around the wires where they came out and pulling it up to the drilled hole. Vastly lowered the noise in the cabin.

Secured 110v & solar trickle charge wires around Captain's wet bunk.

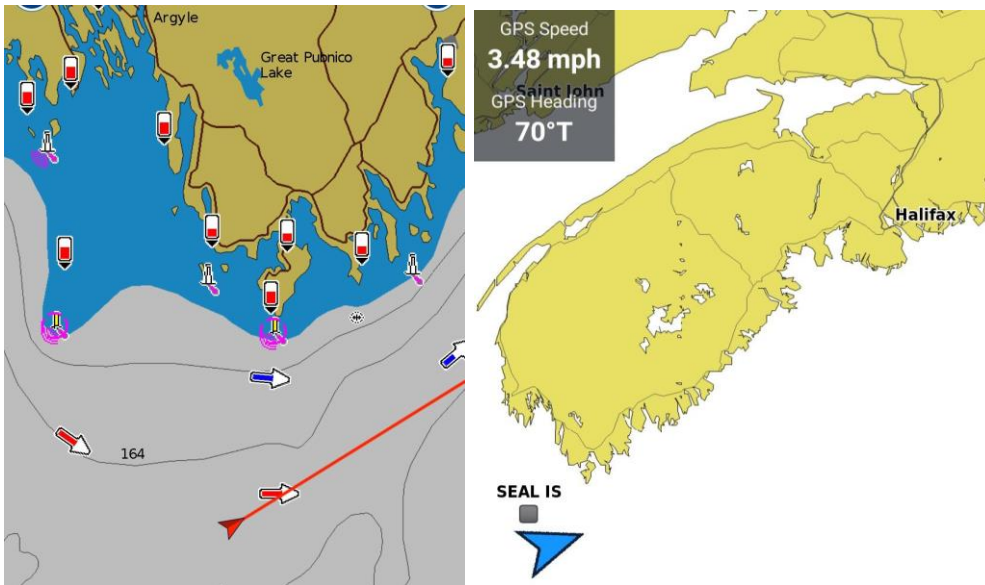
Hoisting bunk to dry it out.

Sunny dinner in the cockpit.

Crew honning sailing skills.

Ratboards offer a new twist when main sail touches. Avoiding chaffing at all costs.

Self steering makes knocking noise on reach. Doesn't while tacking.



Tuesday, July 18

2300 V12.4

Air temp 66°

2200 V12.3

Spoke to 2 ships' about passing

2000 on watch till midnight

V12.4

Start engine at 12.1 50%

Thx for BD crds, artls, bst wshs. We love u. Do nt rply to txts frm ths #. Use # for emrgnecs 160 char tx nly. Srry. Mssng U trrbly. U r my ocean. Wll knw if we r rdy to crss pssng Nwfdnlnd

1300 on watch V12.5

Sorted roots

Wired solar panel to ship's battery.

0900 V12.5

Rounded Cape Sable with Southwest wind. Continue going offshore until wind changes to South

Engine off Battery V13.1

0400 V12.3 Started engine 1200rpm for an hour

00:00 V12.4, 12.42 80% Start engine at 12.2 60%

German Banks off Seal Island, Nova Scotia

62°

Fog

Monday, July 17

Fine dinner of perogies, salad and champagne.

Charge ship's battery with solar panel.

BD timeless, life's loves eternal.

14:00 Set sail. SSW wind.

Wiring solar panel to ship's battery.

Battery 12.6

Tacked with self-steering, shorten to mostly nothing, more or less laid a hull last night, 265° at 3kts. Very uncomfortable. Winds got up to 22kts. With heavy rain. At 5am we hove to, making 87° at 1 kt. Will stay like this till favorable winds come.

Anchored mast wires at base.

Checked creaking around gallery, found nothing.

Sunday, July 16

Put away drop cords and fan.

Tightened stanchion bolts to help prevent Tom's bunk from getting wet. Bunk completely soaked.

Cleaning with a rag

After a long haul on the money tack, we tacked because it was evening and it's shocking, we're headed West now instead of East, where we want to go but since Clio does not point so we sail 90° off the wind. Since Nova Scotia was approaching and did not want to tack at night we tacked in the evening. Will tack again in early light waiting for the wind to change.

Ate an avocado, 2 beers, coffee, small amount of cheese and sausage, apple. Finished the tequila. Wearing Helen's Christmas Pendleton shirt and wool pants.

Sent InReach message. Immediately got three replies from Irene. Replied. "Do not reply."

Battery 12.6

Saturday, July 15

Waves building, giving regular rolling motion. Put boards in to match cockpit.

No breaking waves, yet!

Battery 12.9

Noon to 4 on watch

Hoisted spinnaker.

Lost hat

Stowed bumpers & dock lines

20:00 to 00:00 watch

Started with no lights. Saw lights and turned them on.

Fishing vessel hailed to work out passing.

Left chart plotter on, GN off, charging VHF

Starboard beam wind. 4 to 5 kts from S

Course for waypoint off Lunenburg

03:30

Battery 12.8

Saw faint lights from ship. Turned on running lights.

02:30

Bilge pump ran 15 seconds.

Battery 12.7

Turned off running lights.

02:00

Battery 12.8

00:00

Battery 12.8

Balancing sails for quarter weather helm.

1/3 Staysail

1/2 Main

AWS 13.8kts

SOG 2kts

Friday, July 14

8 p.m. offshore

Battery 12.9

Running Port & Starboard electrics only

Using InReach for navigation.

Staysail & main close hauled keeping 4° off course to port.

Waypoint set off Lunenburg.

Leaving Boston very soon.

This is the summer of boating. Tired of rebuilding this boat. Nothing much left to do except to leave for the 3,200nm crossing from Boston, Massachusetts to Kristiansand, Norway. The crew is psyched, and the captain is reserved. May make it in 23 days but plan for 40.



This is the definitive track of the trip. Created by the Garmin InReach device that is on all the time sending signals via satellite every 4 hours.

<https://share.garmin.com/TomLohre>

Blogs

Tom's is a monthly pdf mostly technical stuff with a few gems.

<http://tomlohre.com>

Scroll down to the Rookwood tile.

Chuck's is a video with a splendid narrative touching each topic, food, locking, rigging, sailing, motoring, etc. He is my identical twin and 1st mate.

<https://green-cincinnati.com/sailing-32-bayfield-clio-from-port-clinton-ohio-to-helsinki-finland/>

July 28, 2023: From Boston to St. John's, Labrador, Newfoundland

With 5 knots of wind and 1 knot of speed on the first day at sea I'm okay, but not happy. It's very calm. At least that's a good thing. Tom put out the last quarter of the main sail. Most of the staysail is out. It wouldn't unfurl all the way. Tom very happy and so is Will. He's just glad to be out of port. 110-degree compass heading now. I'm going into withdrawal. At least I had a good crap. Later that night, I latched the hatches and put in some boards. Really not liking this. Never a moment's rest. Only sleep when dead tired. Told the guys I was having a hard time adjusting. I can do my watches but will probably be sleeping or listening to music the rest of the time.

Had a great 70th Birthday dinner of pierogies, bacon, seaweed and Greek yogurt prepared by Will. Thanks for birthday cards Helen, Irene and Janet! }^~^^{

Last night was very rough. Tom said it wouldn't get any worse. Will got nausea. We were tacking close to the wind to the west. Much like "laying ahull" which is sitting perpendicular to the waves. In the morning we set her "hove to" with sails crossed and rudder locked. Much more comfortable.

Fourth day in and getting over my panic attack. The ship proved her worth in the 31 kt gusts and holds together well. We don't push her. As Captain said: "She is unproven." Sort of like realizing your jail sentence is a month and a half. Nice to be surrounded by such good equipment and good people. Will brought with him a small 4" statue of "Maxu" the Chinese goddess, protectress of fishermen and sailors on his travels. She is now our "Garden Gnome" which we will be taking photos of along with our sightings and projects. She resides at the navigation table.

I feel like a person on top of the world. One that has achieved a measure of control and awareness in their life. One with nature and aware of all the forces at work that bring existence and consciousness. From the transmittal of the motion of the sea to the complete aloneness that is obvious. Pretending that you are in control. With the best gear. But there is a feeling that forces far more powerful than you are allowing you to think you are in control. And that might be your forefathers, your culture and your civilization. Captain says: "The boat floats on top of the water, only a man can sink her." To my comment that this experience is like an artificial sense of control, the movement of the waves being transmitted through to you by the sea and the visual confirmation of reality brings a peace and solitude. The beautiful nature of the ship and all possible amenities allows you to enjoy the experience without reserve. The timelessness of the experience lasting many, many hours; makes you wonder about the meaning of time. I'm on watch now so it's my job to think about these things. You certainly are alone but in this case I couldn't do this alone. I just happened to be invited into their world to help them fulfill their dreams. It's like a five-hour glider flight stretched out to five months.

I stand by my thoughts yesterday that sailing the open ocean in a well-equipped sailboat with a trusted crew is probably the pinnacle of consciousness. The rolling of the sea visually and the sense of touch in line with it, with a delay along with the sights and sounds that also sync all the senses is an amazing experience. A real psychedelic experience – meaning your psychic is changed or made aware of itself through new experiences and connections between senses.

It's also important that I worked on Clio and gave her a sense of reality of meaning. That the ship I am experiencing this on, I helped to create. Also, the confidence in Tom and Will allow me to trust my senses and follow their new connections. There is no drama or conflict that inhibits these existential experiences. And it is a continuous experience. It doesn't go away. It may peak and may subside, but the consciousness of the situation is continuous. Your always

on this drug while you are doing this. It's a nice feeling in the middle of the night with no lights, zero visibility, 100% humidity but the 61 degree temperature makes it very comfortable, dense fog, no connection to the real world besides the ship and the computer screens with environmental data. That in and of itself is surreal. But you are completely sober and feel like this is a peak experience of life.

All the clanging, rattling, banging, plucking, dripping, creaking, luffing, bubbling, knocking, clicking, babbling, burping, swinging, scraping, ruffling, watch bell ringing, splashing, tapping, rolling, snoring, and wave crashing comes alive as each one can be imagined as another being seeking your attention. Talking to you about their concerns and existence. You even think you hear voices late at night when it's quiet except for your imaginary friends trying to get your attention. This unique and new experience is like Burning Man because it doesn't relate to the default world. This is a special world that allows you to have a special freedom of thought. You feel like you are part of the universe because you are way out there where few humans have gone to be totally responsible for your existence. Another thing that has allowed this experience to happen is because the weather is what I call "liquid sky." It is so comfortable you can't tell where your body ends and the environment begins. We're 30 nautical miles off the coast of Cape Sable, Newfoundland.

I found a book onboard that will change my life. The Weather Identification Handbook by Storm Dunlop. It includes what I have always wanted to learn: how to read the clouds to observe and predict the weather. As I imagine warm and cold fronts passing overhead, I'll be able to see them in the clouds. This emphasizes the immersive nature of sailing the oceans, everything is right there in front of you to see. A simplified environmental experience that is unlike the default world which is confusing, insulting and belittling. Nothing about standing on a street corner at a busy downtown with cars whizzing by is understandable except for the fact if you move in a certain direction you will die. Of course, if you jumped in the ocean you would die but you would be leaving a beautiful world that is showing you it's soul. That isn't happening at a street corner. I thought to myself years ago that downtown architecture isn't pretty, it isn't the way the natural environment is, tells you nothing but Western Civilization's advertising to the lowest human needs, where to eat and take a shit. Here the world is your oyster, there you are a commodity for the devil to consume. No one ever felt at one with the universe crossing a street. I'd like to thank Janet for giving me "The Body" by Bill Bryson. For someone trying to define why he is here, it's a good guide to how we evolved. The reasons why are left up to your imagination.

This could be frightening: pitch black, howling seas, severe rocking; but quiet on deck and sails well-trimmed. Totally immersive experience. You have to trust your ship and the weather. I'm okay with it because I have made myself do things like this in the past like: working on the Ohio River as a deckhand, driving my 350 Honda motorcycle to California, going down Red River Gorge in an inner tube, Burning Man, flying my glider for 500 kilometers in seven hours and fifteen minutes; but never so long and so intense. We're flying

across as the ocean at 100 nautical miles per day for 2000 miles. Still there is no other experience like this. For so long. Leaving from Boston and going direct to Norway makes the journey twice as hard. Maybe we didn't bring enough water and food? It's a comfortable temperature tonight just in my Patagonia Worn Wear long sleeve. The cabin is only lit by 4 electrical LEDs for the 12 volt plugs at eye height in the four corners and the battery controller on the floor. The light blue walls make a nice contrast. It's much quieter tonight. The howling of the wind is the loudest. Our apparent wind speed is 20 kts (the wind speed plus the movement of the boat). You hear it moving across the sails. At home it would have to be blowing 40 miles per hour to produce the same howl. You're just surrounded by the ship's wings on board. Every half hour I go lookout. My eyes have adjusted to the darkness. There is lighting on the horizons. In the darkness. I like the graveyard watch. Plenty of time to think and write about how the whole room is always moving. The meaning of life. The ingenuity of how all these parts came together. There's nothing else like a sailboat. Tom says about 30 Bayfields have sailed to Europe and maybe 20 in the Pacific.

The second loudest sound you hear is Clio parting the waves. We're traveling at a diagonal to the waves and a Clio has to part each one that comes by every seven seconds. Every once in a while, there is a thump and a slap heard coming from the bow. The result of the bow being lifted by one wave while another is sneaking in from below. Lastly you feel the ship vibrate. It's the rumbling of the sails being transmitted through the ship by the stays holding up the mast. The prop is always freewheeling when the engine isn't engaged causing a higher frequency vibration in your butt. All and all the ride is a gentle rocking motion but the two major wave patterns cause a stirring motion which is a surprise every minute or so. And then sometimes there is a loud bang! The bow hull perfectly matched the angle of a wave and the marriage wasn't pretty. Standing in the companionway you are dancing with Clio as she gyrates every which way repeatedly. I wonder why it's called a "companionway," because there isn't room in it for another human. This dance just goes on and on and on all night. At least until 4 am when my watch is over.

It's hard to describe smell of the sea, sort of like a stale kitchen counter smell. It makes your hands crack but I've counteracted that by taking a fish oil gel every day, like I do in the winter to avoid fingernail splits. Besides the salt taste when you get splashed changing sail trim, the sea's smell is hard to pin down, but you can feel it come and go as it mixes with fresh air from above while standing on deck.

It's pitch black out and I just heard a bang up above. Why am I not totally freaked out? Standing in the companionway just now barely making the faint outlines of the staysail and main. Imagining I see some stars through the clouds. The roar of the winds and the crashing of the Atlantic Ocean below me. Why am I not afraid? I've gotten used to it over the last nine days out of Boston. No surprises. No equipment failures. There's nothing we could do at night but we could reef the sail if the line broke and sit out the storm. But it's not much of a storm.

Clio has been created by us to do just this. Sail all night in pitch black all by herself and she is doing just that.

Very quiet tonight in the cabin writing this. Most of the creaks and groans have subsided. It's amazing how much faith you can have. I'm quite relaxed and enjoying trying to describe the experience. Some clanking deck fitting holding the lines in place is talking to me.

How is this possible? I have faith in the buoyancy of the Bayfield and her design. Her sails were designed for her. This is what she was designed to do in the pitch-black night. All night and day. We just have to help her not beat herself up with lines rubbing and failing, sails beating themselves to death, wires coming apart or over stressing herself. She can't do that on her own. We have an agreement. She embodies the soul of the designer and Tom, Will and I let her have some fun without hurting herself. It can go on for years if we want to. I've got to stop for a moment and check in with Clio. The rain just started coming down much harder. Also, it's time to check the navigation again and lookout. Then the staysail and yankee sail started banging profusely. Probably because the squall line of the front just passed. We all got up, put on our foul weather gear, and took in the sail until things calmed down. I should have taken in sail earlier.

Sunday night during the rain, the AIS signals we receive from nearby ships stopped. AIS signals from are crucial for navigation. It's like a digital radar with lots of information calculated for each ship it sees, like time to closest contact, name, cargo and much more. The AIS came back on once the mast connection dried out like it did once before. But doing it twice was cause for concern. Will and the Captain decided to stop in St. John's to seal the mast connection. With calm winds, Tom will climb the mast and wrap rubber tape around the VHF antenna connection. As much as Will wanted to go nonstop to Norway to mimic John Quincy Adam's trip, he's made a good decision to stop. John Quincy booked a non-stop trip from Boston to St. Petersburg, Russia, but had to stop in Norway because of a gale. We started the engine for the first time after leaving Boston. We got to St. John's Wednesday evening.

The crew's differences, are slowly being set aside to care for Clio. It's strange to love an object but in this case it makes sense. I loved my Frank Lloyd Wright home but was happy to pass it along to the new owner. I've never really understood what it means to love an object like this. My life has never depended on an object like this, except on very nice days flying my glider alone. I just got done scrubbing some of her deck with a toothbrush. She looks beautiful.

=^..^~!

Find Clio supplied by Andrew. Each day at noon we put it out to make a mark. Works offshore.

<https://maps.findmespot.com/s/BJK4/PH>

Private Password: TwinsGoSailing2023

Marine Traffic AIS

<https://www.marinetraffic.com/en/ais/home/shipid:7830979/zoom:16>

AIS is a VHF radio digital signal. We broadcast our position and receive position, course and speed from other ships. The link here shows Clio!

Our AIS position is broadcasted when we have the engine running, near ports or in traffic. It will be real time. Once offshore it will not work but for some strange reason you might see us taken by a satellite image. Hope so, then you can follow us across in real time.